

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

KING ALFONSO IN LONDON YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.



King Alfonso's reception at Westminster Cathedral by Archbishop Bourne, with other Bishops, and the clergy of the Metropolitan Chapter. Low mass was celebrated for the King by Dr. Amigo, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark.

GETTING READY FOR THE CITY BANQUET.



Preparations at the Guildhall for the great banquet to be given to-day in honour of the King of Spain, when the City of London will play its part in welcoming England's royal guest.



The Marchioness of Londonderry, who is to entertain King Alfonso to-night at a ball at Londonderry House.—(Esme Collings.)

KING ALFONSO'S HOSTESS.



The Marchioness of Lansdowne, who is to entertain the King of Spain to-night at dinner.—(Thomson.)

Notable Firms in Sunny Southsea.

(Keep this Page for Reference, and See also Page II.)

JEROME SACCONI

LIMITED.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

NAVAL AND MILITARY WINE MERCHANTS,

Supply their Well-known WINES to the Public at Lowest Prices.

NAVAL MESSES Supplied Free of Duty.

PORTSMOUTH AND GIBRALTAR.

ARTHUR E. WEEKS

The Modern Jeweller,

48, King's Road, SOUTHSEA,

SOUVENIRS OF SOUTHSEA
FOR Silver Souvenir Spoon 7/6 each. Coat-of-Arms, Match-boxes, Specimen Vases, and Match Stands, 3/- each, post free. Sole proprietor, "KLEENZIEB," (Registered), the famous Plate Cleaner. Cans, 6d. and 1/-. Three cans, either size, post free from ARTHUR E. WEEKS, SOUTHSEA.

THE MOST FAMOUS FIRM IN SUNNY SOUTHSEA FOR **MARINE AND FIELD GLASSES, CAMERAS,** and every sort of Photographic Requisite, is

ARNOLD & SONS,

Chemists, Opticians, and Photographic Dealers,

KING'S RD. CORNER, SOUTHSEA.

Send P.O. for 10/6, and receive the most wonderful pair of Field and Marine Glasses, which they have been selling for the last 12 years with great success.

READ & COMPTON,

Makers of the IMPERIAL SHIRT,

FOR DRESS OR DAY WEAR.

Quality 1. Black Label, 3/6; half-dozen 20/-
" 2. Red " 4/6; " 26/-
" 3. Yellow " 5/6; " 32/-
" 4. Blue " 6/6; " 36/-
Post Paid anywhere.

STANDS OUT as the last word in Shirts.

READ & COMPANY,

Osborne Road and

Portland Road - -

SOUTHSEA.

ESTABLISHED 1816.

WALKER MORLEY & Co.

Lead and Glass Merchants

— AND —

Wholesale Ironmongers.

Agents for the "WELL FIRE."

The largest selection in the South of Baths, Geysers, Sanitary and Water Fittings, Stoves, Ranges, and Chimney Pieces, etc., at Prices marked in Plain Figures.

Colour and Paint Manufacturers. Glass Silvers. Lead Light and Stained Glass Makers.

OFFICES AND SHOWROOMS:-

30, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

Registered Telegraphic Address: Walmore, Portsmouth.



"GRAY'S"

Gold Medal

PIANOS

Sing Their Own Praises."

SOLD AT DIRECT FACTORY PRICES.

SOUTHSEA PORTSMOUTH

AND AT LONDON.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENTS WEAR

CORBIN'S BOOTS - -

THEY ARE THE

BEST AND CHEAPEST

When you come to "Sunny Southsea" pay us a visit.

240, Commercial Road,

And Branches throughout the Town.

Send Six Stamps for a Copy of the **POPULAR & PICTORIAL GUIDE**

(Officially adopted by the Portsmouth Corporation).

"Sunny Southsea."

HOLBROOK & SON, Ltd., Printers and Publishers, Portsmouth.

FOR COMPLETE LIST OF

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED HOUSES

WRITE

LOVE & COOPER,

Estate Agents, **SOUTHSEA.**

Telephone 108.

W. PINK & SON'S

"The most reliable Provision Dealers," and Grocers.

COMMERCIAL ROAD, ALBERT ROAD,

PALMERSTON ROAD, LONDON ROAD, Etc.

QUALITY, COMBINED WITH CHEAPNESS.

Morant's
Specialty
Blouse,
in 20
Colours.



In All-Wool Delaine, trimmed handsome Woollen Yak Lace, Gauged Yoke in front, tucked back. Side fastening (a decided improvement) in Spots, Floral Designs, Plain Cream, Navy, and Black.

SPECIAL PRICE 6/11 WORTH 8/11.

Will wash beautifully. Sent Post Free, separately boxed, in sizes 13, 14, 14½ neck.

MORANTS,

SHIRT, BLOUSE, AND LIMITED,

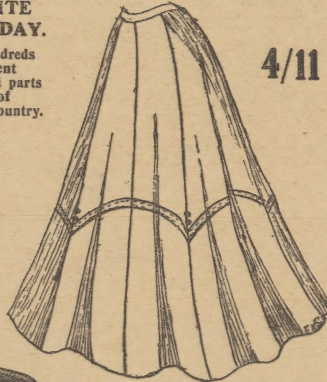
SKIRT MANUFACTURERS,

PORTSMOUTH.

WRITE TO-DAY.

Hundreds sent to all parts of the country.

4/11



Smart shrunk Lisle Walking Skirt, perfect fitting 4/11
Other shapes in great variety from 4/6, sent post free.

MR MORANTS have proved to be the most popular Mail-Order House in the South, and possess hundreds of delighted testimonials from customers in all parts of the country. The Proprietors of this journal have Morant's guarantee that cash will be returned at once, free of expense, if Blouse, Skirt or Belt fails to satisfy.

WRITE TO-DAY.

Special Value in White Kid Belts. Strapped Steel Supports at back. Price 1/11½ Worth 2/11. All Sizes. Post Free.

J. D. MORANT, Ltd., PORTSMOUTH.

This page of advertisements was arranged by Mr. J. C. Blake, the Daily Mirror's agent at "Sunny Southsea," to whom all local applications should be addressed for space on similar pages in July and August. Offices:-1, Stanley-street, Southsea.

THEATRES & MUSIC HALLS.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, PORTSMOUTH. OPEN NIGHTLY with a succession of high-class companies.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT,

in

LA SOUVIERE,

with her entire Company from Paris.

June 13, at 2.30.

NEW PRINCES THEATRE, PORTSMOUTH. Every evening at popular prices.

EMPIRE PALACE.

OPEN NIGHTLY, WITH THE FINEST VARIETY PROGRAMME IN THE PROVINCES.

Prices from 6d. Doors open at 7. Commence at 7.50. Early Doors, Saturday, at 6.30. Tel. 169.

SOUTHSEA CLARENCE PIER.

COMMENCING WHIT MONDAY.

CONCERT PARTIES.

Morning, 11.30 till 12.45. Evening, 9 till 10.15.
DAILY INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS.
Afternoon, 3.30 till 5.30. Evening, 7.30 till 9.
By MILITARY BANDS.

SACRED MUSIC EVERY SUNDAY.
Afternoon, 3.30 till 5. Evening, 8 till 9.30.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS, &c.

SOUTHSEA.

Esplanade Hotel

On the Beach, adjoining the Pier, where Military Bands play daily.

SPACIOUS COFFEE, SITTING, & BEDROOMS.

Replete with every comfort. Hot Sea-water Baths.

Mrs. SABINE, Managersess.

SANDRINGHAM PRIVATE HOTEL, on pension; established 1877.—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith, Proprietors.

ALDERMARLE PRIVATE HOTEL, on pension; facing sea and Clarence Pier; from 5s. per day.

GLENLYON Clarence-parade, Southsea; high-class boarding establishment; facing Spitham.

A WHIRRY HOUSE, Shaftesbury-rd., Southsea, on pension; from 25s. 6d., week-end 10s. 6d.; near sea.

LEOPOLD, Ashburton-rd., First-class apartments, newly decorated; bath, excellent cooking and attendance; near Parade and Clarence Pier.

MILLER'S HOTEL, Hampshire Terrace, Southsea.—Commercial and family; back Town Station; train pass door; five minutes from sea and pier. Telephone 297.

F. T. CLOUGH, Proprietor.

CASTLETON, 16-17, Southsea Ter.,—Comfortable boarding-house; moderate terms. Mrs. BROOKES, Proprietress.

PRINCIPAL CAFES.

CAFE ROYAL, Palmerston Road.—Largest and best; London style; table d'hôte luncheon and dinners; spacious saloon for parties.

THE CADENA TEA ROOMS, Osborne Road.—The most fashionable, popular, and conveniently-situated Cafe; Clarence Pier cars stop at the door.

THE STRAND CAFE, East Southsea.—Most popular, with l.i. canteen; first-class cuisine; good bed. rooms; moderate charges; nearest to station and beach.

H. J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

THE KING'S ROAD RESTAURANT, Southsea.—Left-hand side from train junction; good cooking and attendance at moderate charges. J. BROWNING, Proprietor.

SCULLARD'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Osborne Road.—Near sea and pier; moderately; cars stop at door.

SWISS CAFE, Edinburgh Road, corner of Aradale.—Table d'hôte daily; licensed; large accommodation for visitors. Also at Kye. ALBERTOLI BROS.

BREWSTER, Confectioner, East Southsea.—We are prepared to cater for choir or private parties; pleasant rooms, with good attendance.

KING ALFONSO.

Continuous Round of Ceremonies and Visits.

CHEERED IN THE RAIN

Gorgeous Ceremony at Westminster Cathedral.

MOBBED BY M.P.'s.

Amid a continuous downpour of rain King Alfonso spent yesterday in a whirl of ceremonies. He received the foreign Ambassadors at half-past ten in the morning, and was busily occupied from then until the state banquet at Buckingham Palace in the evening.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

To-day his Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, will drive to the Guildhall. The following are the approximate times at which he will pass through the town:—

Leave Buckingham Palace	12.15
Waterloo Place	12.20
Oxford Circus	12.30
Holborn Circus	12.40
Cheapside	12.50

The return will be made via Queen Victoria street, the Embankment, and the Mall.

RECEPTION AT THE PALACE.

King of Spain Receives Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers.

King Alfonso commenced his busy day yesterday by holding a reception for the foreign diplomats in London at Buckingham Palace.

Despite the drenching downpour several hundred people gathered at the royal entrance, where a guard of honour of the Scots Guards was drawn up.

All the Ambassadors and Ministers of every foreign State represented at the Court of St. James's attended. The scene outside was depressing in the extreme, but the reception itself was most brilliant.

King Alfonso, in the full dress of a Spanish general, was surrounded by the principal members of his suite and many officials of his Embassy, and as Minister after Minister was presented to him he received them in his quick gracious fashion that marks him, however formal the occasion.

After this reception, which lasted half an hour, his Majesty changed into private dress and drove to Westminster Cathedral, accompanied by the Earl of Denbigh and Sir Stanley Clarke.

The crowd assembled at the Palace cheered him heartily as his carriage was walked by them. Many, as the horses broke into a trot, ran alongside cheering.

At the Cathedral, which had the Spanish colours and flags hanging from the openings in the great campanile, another crowd had gathered to welcome the King.

Some sensation was caused here by the fall of several of the Horse Guards acting as escort. One of the men pulled up too sharply, and the horse slipped on the wet roadway, knocking down the horses of several of his comrades.

There was for a few moments a scene of great confusion, but the horses were quickly pulled up. No one was seriously hurt, and the royal carriage was hardly delayed.

GORGEOUS SERVICE

King Alfonso's Splendid Reception at Westminster Cathedral.

Seldom have the splendours of the Roman Catholic service or the gorgeous vestments of the dignitaries of the Church been more magnificently displayed than they were yesterday during King Alfonso's visit to the Westminster Cathedral.

Down the central aisle, on either side of which were barriers of crimson and yellow cloth, a long procession of priests in splendid vestments swept through the vast, densely-packed cathedral to greet the King.

At its head was the macebearer, after him came the Archbishop's attendants, one bearing aloft the Archiepiscopal cross. Then came the Archbishop, his long, purple robe upheld by a train-bearer, and after him bishops from all parts of England, prelates and monsignori, canons and chaplains. The procession was a blaze of crimson and purple.

At the entrance to the Cathedral they met the

young King. The Archbishop sprinkled him with holy water, his Majesty made the sign of the cross, and the procession marched up to the altar to the solemn strains of sixteenth century Spanish music.

The trim, tall figure of the King, who was carrying hat, gloves, and cane, and wearing his frock-coat buttoned up, looked strangely out of place as he strolled along by the side of the Archbishop, looking quickly from side to side and talking to his Grace.

The procession passed the Sanctuary rails, decorated with a mass of flowers, and the King was shown to a kneeling chair placed to the left of the sanctuary for him, near the chair of the Archbishop.

Then, with the great cross suspended above his head, the royal worshippers heard the low Mass celebrated by the Bishop of Southwark, who after the celebration gave the kiss of peace, first to the King and then to the Archbishop.

The service over, the procession re-formed and made its way to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which is to the left of the Sanctuary. Here amid the many-coloured marbles and the banks of flowers with which the chapel was decorated, came another picturesque ceremony.

KING ALFONSO'S ENGLISH.

King and Archbishop faced each other, each provided with a chair on a raised dais, while the priests were grouped around. The Archbishop read, in English, an address of welcome to the King, pointing out that the chapel was due to the generosity of Spain and Spanish-speaking people, and expressing his gratitude to the King for the

Royal Family, after which he lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Clarence House.

ISLINGTON ENTHUSIASM.

Packed Audience Cheer the Young King Again and Again.

King Alfonso received an enthusiastic reception when he reached the Agricultural Hall, Islington, at the Naval and Military Tournament at 3.45 in the afternoon. The vast audience cheered him again and again as he took his seat in the royal box, which was decorated with flowers arranged in the form of the Spanish flag, and the band played the Spanish National March.

The King bowed repeatedly in response to the cheering, and then watched the display with the keenest interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS VISITED.

The King of Spain visited the House of Commons last evening.

His Majesty, who was wearing a frock-coat and silk hat, was introduced to the Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Jeffrey), Sir Courtney Ilbert (Chief Clerk), and several members. Subsequently he was conducted over the Chamber.

His arrival aroused great interest, and his

GERMANY'S FUTURE RULER WEDDED.

Resplendent Marriage Scenes in the Imperial Capital.

CROWN FOR THE BRIDE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—To-day, amid scenes of regal magnificence, blended with splendid manifestations of loyal congratulations, the German Crown Prince was married to Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

The ceremony was a fitting and stately climax to a royal romance, which has aroused the keenest human, as well as international, interest of Europe for months past.

The whole proceedings showed the characteristic managing hand of the Kaiser throughout, and not a single effort was spared by the German Emperor to impress, not only the nation, but the representatives which most of the nations of the world had sent to grace the brilliant ceremony.

THE CIVIL MARRIAGE.

Prior to the religious ceremonial in the chapel of the Imperial Castle, Count von Wedel, Minister of the Imperial Household, conducted the necessary civil marriage. This was a purely formal matter, and was almost devoid of anything in the form of pageantry.

Before this, however, in accordance with traditions, the German Empress, accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting, placed upon the head of the young bride, who bore herself well and with much dignity, the crown of the Princess of the Prussian royal house.

While the simple civil ceremony was witnessed by members of the two families, the guests were assembling in the Castle Chapel.

Here the scene was one of splendid brilliance. The bridegroom, in full uniform, arrived, accompanied by his bride, the Emperor and Empress, and their suite, and as the procession entered the sacred building the effect was one long to be remembered. The magnificent uniforms of royal and other representatives from the various Courts found in the dresses and jewels of the ladies a striking foil for their dazzling brilliance and variety of colour.

Diplomats, officers of state, and other high officials were in full ceremonial attire.

All Berlin was in gala attire, and a more beautiful day for such an auspicious event could not have been wished for. The German capital has never before witnessed such superb spectacles as everywhere met the eye to-day.

The Emperor William has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on Prince Eugen zu Fürstenberg.

M. DELCASSE RESIGNS.

France Loses the Services of One of Her Greatest Modern Statesmen.

M. Delcassé, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, yesterday resigned his seat in the Cabinet.

The cause of this great loss to France lies in a difference arising between M. Delcassé and his colleagues as to his policy with regard to Morocco.

Finding himself opposed by the unanimous voice of the rest of the Cabinet, M. Delcassé declared he had no other course but to resign.

M. Rouvier, the Premier, will take over the Foreign Ministry pending the appointment of a successor to M. Delcassé.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Colonel Webb, M.P. for the Kingswinford Division of Staffordshire, died yesterday, after lying in a precarious condition for several days.

There were nearly 200 persons killed and 300 wounded in the recent earthquake in Scutari, says a telegram from Ragusa.

It is officially announced that the King has approved the appointment of the Rev. Samuel Bickert, vicar of Lewisham, as vicar of Leeds.

The second gallery in the Simplot Tunnel is offering unforeseen difficulties, and the inauguration is not likely to take place until December, or even later.

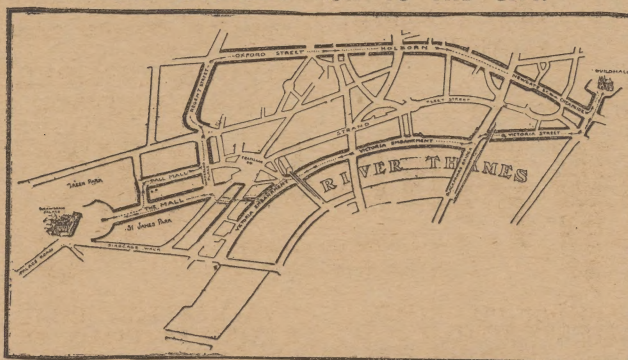
Thomas Doyle, a London groom, was at Bromsgrove yesterday charged with sharing in the assault on Sunday on a farmer who was robbed and flung into a ditch.

Three men were killed at Ladysmith Colliery, Glyn Neath, yesterday, by a heavy fall of earth. Their names are Evan Morgan, John Jenkins, and Walter Barnaby.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to pressure on our space we are compelled to omit several columns of advertisements.

KING ALFONSO'S VISIT TO THE CITY.



The map shows plainly the route which will be adopted by the King of Spain to-day on his way to and from the banquet at the Guildhall. The streets to be traversed are indicated by a thick outline.

gift. He felicitated the King upon coming to the Court of King Edward, voiced the joy it gave English Roman Catholics, and said it was calculated to foster the friendship between the two nations.

He ended by calling down blessings upon the King, his family, and nation.

Then King Alfonso read his reply, speaking English clearly and distinctly, though with a foreign accent. He opened with:—

"I thank you for your kind welcome to this Metropolitan Cathedral Westminster," and went on to say, "I trust, with you, that my visit to Great Britain, where I am receiving so many marks of sincere affection from my august host King Edward, and from all the nation over which he happily reigns, will strengthen the links of union that bind England and Spain."

His Majesty then presented to the Archbishop, on behalf of his royal mother, a golden chalice richly enamelled and chased.

Then the Bishops, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Ripon were presented, and during this ceremony the irresistible youthfulness of the young monarch was responsible for considerable amusement.

He sought to kiss the rings on the hands of each of the Bishops. These dignitaries, in consideration of his rank, endeavoured to prevent him, but he would not be denied.

One Bishop, smiling as he protested, pulled his hand away and stepped back from the King. But his Majesty stepped quickly forward, caught the Bishop's hand, and duly saluted it.

SURPRISE VISIT TO THE ABBEY

The King's Departure from the Official Programme.

After leaving Westminster Cathedral his Majesty drove to Westminster Abbey. Here there was no formal reception, for this visit was not included in the official programme.

The King spent some twenty minutes in the Abbey looking at the many monuments and paying particular attention to the tomb of Queen Eleanor of Castile. The Westminster schoolboys, a number of whom gathered to see the King leave, cheered him heartily.

From the Abbey King Alfonso drove to Kensington Palace, where he called upon members of the

Majesty was followed around the building by some 200 members, who gave him a hearty cheer before he took his departure.

RECEPTION AT THE EMBASSY.

Duke of Wellington and Veteran Singer Greet His Majesty.

Being unable to dine or lunch at the Spanish Embassy, owing to his numerous official engagements, King Alfonso took tea there yesterday afternoon, and afterwards received a number of deputations and addresses. There were present at the tea, besides the Ambassador and his wife and the personnel of the Embassy, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord Lansdowne, Count and Countess Correia, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Sir A. and Lady Nicholson, Sir Eric Barrington, and Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Dawson.

Addresses in gold caskets were presented by bankers and merchants having relations with Spain, people holding Spanish decorations, and Spanish-American residents in London.

The venerable Mr. Manuel Garcia was amongst those present, and the young King held a short conversation with him.

OUT OF ACTION.

Russian Warships Interned at Eastern Ports Till the War Shall End.

The Russian destroyer Bodny has been interned at Shanghai, and seven Russian colliers now at Wusung have been similarly treated.

Repairs have been begun on the three cruisers now at Manila, pending the reception by Admiral Enkvist of the instructions from his Government.

According to the "Daily Telegraph" the total Russian casualties in the great naval battle are 14,000 killed and drowned and 4,600 captured. Only 3,000 men escaped.

At the Russian Ministry of Marine it is estimated that the cost of the vessels destroyed and captured by the Japanese in the recent battle is represented by a sum about equal to £15,000,000.

"MR. SPEAKER'S" RESIGNATION.

House Rises to a Touching and Historic Occasion.

MR. GULLY DEEPLY MOVED.

Mr. Speaker Gully will fill the historic chair of the House of Commons for the last time to-day.

In simple, dignified, touching language, the First Commoner yesterday communicated to a deeply-moved and crowded Chamber the reason which prompted him to seek relief from the onerous duties of his high office.

The announcement was made immediately after questions, members spontaneously and unanimously removing their hats as the Speaker rose in the chair.

"On April 10 last," commenced Mr. Gully, whose face was flushed by the remarkable ovation accorded him, "I had completed ten years' service in this chair, and thanks to the blessings of almost uninterrupted good health I was able to attend punctually and diligently to the services of this House.

"Six weeks ago, unfortunately, I became disabled from continuing that service. Nor do I yet feel able to undertake to perform my duties in the continuous and satisfactory manner that is to be expected from the occupant of this Chair.

"Under these circumstances I have thought it not right to trespass any further on the indulgence of the House, but to retire from my office.

"I cannot forget," he said with a quiver in his voice, "that I have now arrived at an age at which at least a wise man ought not to regard in too sanguine a spirit his capacity for rendering hard work and undertaking great responsibilities.

The Speaker momentarily paused to conceal his emotions. A deep, sympathetic cheer nerved him to further effort.

Painful Separation.

"I will not disguise from my brother members that it is to me a very hard and painful thing to sever my connection with this House, with all its interests, its friendships, its associations."

The Speaker again paused and glanced at the small card of notes he concealed in the palm of his right hand.

"It is not merely that I am relinquishing a high and honourable office, in the tenure of which I have always taken a great and not unnatural pride.

"It is that I am quitting an assembly by which, and by every part of which, and by every member of which, I have always been treated personally with the greatest courtesy and consideration. "I thank the clerks at the Table for their loyal and efficient help, and, above all, my thanks are due to the House itself for the generous support it has always accorded me, and without which the authority and influence of the Chair could not exist.

A Great Demonstration.

There was a great demonstration when Mr. Gully resumed his seat, and the Speaker was evidently deeply affected, only succeeding by the most painful effort in not utterly breaking down.

After expressing the "greatest grief" with which the House had listened to the Speaker's declaration, the Prime Minister formally gave notice to move the accustomed resolutions of thanks to the Speaker to-day.

One resolution will be an address to the King asking him to confer some signal mark of his royal favour on the Speaker, and assuring his Majesty that, whatever expense is incurred, will be made good by the House.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "willingly and cordially joined in the expressions of deep and profound regret which had fallen from the Prime Minister."

"We shall lose in you, sir," said Sir Henry, "a friend to every member of the House, and one who entertains towards the House a friendly and even affectionate feeling."

The incident lasted exactly ten minutes, and as the Speaker gathered up his robes, slowly descended the steps of the Chair, and with tear-filled eyes, glanced around him, there were loud, sympathetic cheers from every quarter.

THE SHOPKEEPER'S WAY.

Discussing the London Building Acts (Amendment) Bill in Committee at the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Hutchinson asked whether, if a shopkeeper desired to put up pieces of panelling for shelves, the work would be subject to the regulations of the Bill. "It would be done in a practical, not an imaginary way," said the witness. "It would be done in the shopkeeper's way," said Mr. Hutchinson.

£220,000 ART SALE.

About £12,500 was realised by the last day's sale at Christie's yesterday of the Hawkins collection of objects of art.

The total amount fetched by the twenty-six days' sale is £220,000.

PIGMY PROTOTYPES.

Phrenology Shows the Little Men To Have Civilised Mental Doubles.

Yesterday afternoon Miss M. Even, the well-known phrenologist, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, read the African pigmies' "bumps" to the *Daily Mirror*, and divined from them their characters and the parts they might fill in English life. Matak, one of the pigmies, has undoubtedly missed his vocation. His bumps denote that he is very cautious, and his argumentative powers are enormous. He might understand Sir Edward Carson.

In Mangongo, the young tom-tom player, Miss Even saw a remarkable memory. He has more intelligence than the other pigmies with him, and his bump of wit is well developed. He might act for Mr. Edmund Payne.

The chief characteristic in old Magani, the eldest of these pigmies, is his great desire to obtain possession of things for himself. His exemplar is evidently Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

MARCH IN SACKCLOTH.

Leicester Unemployed Don Penitential Garb To Keep Out the Rain.

Drenched to the skin and not knowing where they would find shelter, the Leicester unemployed trudged into Bedford at half-past five yesterday afternoon.

The day had been an awful one for the men, but they endured the discomfort and misery of it with a fine cheerfulness.

"We must get some sacks, boys," said Mr. George White, the cripple leader, soon after the start from Northampton. Before long, most of the pilgrims were adorned with yellow sacking, and wore their penitential garb bravely.

All day long the leaders were harassed with doubts as to shelter at Bedford, but the Salvation Army provided cover, dry straw, and a tea, an attention much appreciated by the marchers.

RESORTS FOR WHITSUN.

An Attractive Book of Holiday Interest That Saves Money and Trouble.

The real purpose of a holiday guide has been kept well in front in the compilation of the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide.

It tells where to go, how to get there, where to stay, in a straightforward way, and should prove itself essential to every reader considering the "how" and "where" of his Whitsun holidays. It gives a list of the best apartments and hotels at the various resorts, giving the essential holiday features of each place, the climate, whether mild or bracing, whether sands or rocks, boating and bathing, and many other particulars that the cyclist, angler, motorist, and sportsman look for. A good map and local car fares are included in this marvellous threepenceworth.

It is a well-printed book of some eighty large pages, with a pretty cover and some attractive illustrations.

ELECTRIC TIPSTER.

Hints About Winners Communicated by Automatic Machine.

Quite a novel betting prosecution under a London County Council by-law failed at the West London Police Court yesterday.

The proceedings were taken against James Arthur, of King's Cross-road, N., who was summoned for frequenting Greyhound-road, Fulham, for the purpose of selling and distributing printed matter devoted wholly or mainly to giving information as to the probable results of horse-racing.

Arthur, it was said, was in the habit of going to a newspaper shop, and of placing in a penny-in-the-slot automatic machine outside a number of cards which contained "tips" for the winners of the day's racing, and which could be extracted from the machine by any passer-by who should put a penny in the slot.

Mr. Garrett observed that a Divisional Court had already decided that a by-law made by the Hands-worth (Staffordshire) Corporation, and identical in terms with that of the London County Council, was ultra vires.

The summons was thereupon withdrawn.

CHILD'S FATAL HASTE TO SCHOOL.

Apparently in the best of health, little Doris Jones, the seven-year-old daughter of a Waltham-stow iron-moulder, left home for school the other morning.

As she was running she was seen to fall, and died within a few minutes.

The medical evidence at yesterday's inquest was that death was due to syncope, the little one's heart being unable to stand the straining of her hurrying immediately after breakfast.

SOCIETY WOMEN AS DEFENDANTS.

Leaders of Fashion Involved in a "Doggy" Dispute.

PRIZE-MONEY DIFFICULTY

Seventeen ladies, many of them ladies of title, were defendants yesterday in an action brought in Mr. Justice Darling's Court by Mrs. Clarice Dealtry, a novelist, and her husband, Mr. Herbert Dealtry, formerly lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

Among the seventeen names were those of the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Gooch, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Lady Agnes Isabel Reid, the Hon. Gwendoline Bourke, and Lady Emily Cathcart.

The defendants are all members or former members of the committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Dealtry are claiming the sum of £1,000, which, they assert, is due to them from the committee as promoters of two dog shows held at the Aquarium in October and December, 1902.

The Real "Promoter."

It was to oblige the Ladies' Kennel Association, they declare, that they allowed their names to be put forward as promoters. The association could not obtain leave in conformity with the Club to hold the shows itself, but was the real promoter.

The entrance fees, the plaintiffs complain, amounting to over £1,000, instead of being handed over to them as promoters to discharge obligations in the shape of prizes, etc., were used for the purpose of providing prizes for winners at previous shows.

Yet they, Mr. and Mrs. Dealtry, although without fault, were criticised in county courts by exhibitors at the Aquarium shows for the value of prizes won.

The defendant ladies deny their liability, and contend that they are not responsible in any way for the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Dealtry promoted the shows.

Many of the defendants were present in court, and Lady Aberdeen and Lady Gooch were seated at the solicitors' table.

Mr. Drake, counsel for the plaintiffs, said that the Ladies' Kennel Association had had difficulties in providing the prizes won at their shows, most of which had been financially unsuccessful.

A method of paying for the prizes won at one show by the entrance fees of the next was adopted.

The Corporation Show held at the Botanic Gardens in 1902 was not a financial success, and, as a result, the prizes were not delivered within the regulation three months.

Lady Aberdeen's Letter.

The result was a difficulty with the Kennel Club, which declared that complaints had been made to it. The Kennel Club went so far as to summon the ladies who had signed an application for permission to hold the Coronation Show to come before a committee meeting, and had threatened to put their names on a "black list."

In connection with this incident Lady Aberdeen wrote:—

"It is a most serious thing that the names of seven ladies acting as guarantors should be put on the black list. . . . This matter has been placed before the husbands of the ladies, and they are not inclined to take an indulgent view of it. Lord Aberdeen is to see Mr. Jaquet (secretary of the Kennel Club) on the matter."

In consequence of the friction, it is alleged, the Kennel Club, when asked for permission for the Aquarium shows, said: "It is undesirable in the interest of dogs that the application should be granted."

The case was adjourned.

LORD LOCH WEDDED.

Four Princesses Grace Lady Margaret Compton's Nuptials.

Though the sun did not shine on her face, there was never a happier-looking bride than Lady Margaret Compton, only daughter of Lord Northampton, who was married yesterday to Lord Loch at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

Even the rain could not spoil the ceremony, which was a very pretty one. Guaranien led the aisle, and the bride, wearing a simply made white satin dress with flounces of Brussels lace and a lace veil to match, was attended by a page and six bridesmaids.

There were no fewer than four Princesses present—Princess Christian, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein; and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Ena.

SUBMARINE CATASTROPHE.

PALERMO, Tuesday.—Six persons were to-day testing an apparatus near here for exploring the bottom of the sea. Whilst the machine was under water one of the tubes seems to have given way, and all in the machine perished.—Central News.

STARCH-FED BABES.

Patent Foods Risky, but They Can Be Used Quite Safely.

Sir William Broadbent's grave indictment of artificial feeding for children meets with the approval of many of the experts whose business it is to prepare the "patent foods" which the great doctor denounced.

"Every kind of artificial food is bad," said a leading manufacturer yesterday, "if improperly used.

One of the foods most popular with doctors is a "progressive" food, altering with the growth of the child.

In this case care is taken that no "unaltered starch" is contained in the food prepared for children under six months of age, no infant being able to digest "unaltered starch."

More important still is the instruction given to those using this artificial food to add a little cream after the child is one month old, and to add raw beef juice, crushed bananas or orange juice after three months.

By following these instructions it is claimed that there is no chance of an artificially-fed child developing scurvy or rickets.

On the contrary, unfavourable evidence shows that children fed properly on artificial food develop plenty of bone and muscle and no undue fat.

SULTAN'S BLOODHOUNDS.

Pack of Thoroughbred English Dogs To Protect the Yildiz Palace.

With dogs of true British breed, the Sultan of Turkey is taking still further precautions against any intrusion into the precincts of the Yildiz Palace at Constantinople.

The Sultan has ordered a pack of dogs of the bloodhound and collie type from the famous kennels of Major Richards, near Carnoustie.

These dogs have been specially trained to track by either scent, sight, or sound. They will certainly be a novelty in Constantinople, for there the dogs are mongrels of the worst type, and are the scavengers of that city.

Amongst the dogs sent to the Sultan will be some messenger and ambulance dogs of the breed in use in the German army.

FAITH AND GOOD LIFE.

Time-Honoured Couplet Assailed by Bishop of St. Andrew's.

For forms of faith, let senseless bigots fight.

His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

This famous-couplet-of-Pope was characterised as a great fallacy by the Bishop of St. Andrews, who presided at the anniversary meeting of the South African Church yesterday, in the unavoidable absence of Lord Nelson.

His lordship maintained that all right and Christian living must be built up on a right faith.

For this reason the South African Church must be helped by the Mother-country for another fifty years when South Africa will have her own ministers trained in her own theological colleges and drawn from her own colonists.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES

Returned to Sandringham Yesterday in a Deluge of Rain.

The Princess of Wales, with her children, returned to Sandringham yesterday afternoon.

Leaving St. Pancras by the 2.40 train, her Royal Highness and family reached Wolferton shortly before six o'clock in a deluge of rain.

It is probable that she will spend all the time remaining before the Indian tour at the Norfolk home with her children.

Possibly, however, her Royal Highness may take her children to Scotland for a month or two in the early autumn.

On the termination of the King of Spain's visit the Prince of Wales will be travelling to and from Sandringham for several weeks.

The Queen will also be there for some time.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

Continental Travellers should not forget to ask for the Continental

"Daily Mail" everywhere.

GOLDEN SHOWERS REVIVE THE LAND.

Country Blessed with Over an Inch
of Invaluable Rain.

FINE WHITSUN LIKELY.

Incessant rain for thirty-six hours!
Last night weather observers reported an average fall of a little more than 1½ inches in and around London.
And one inch of rain over an acre equals about 100 tons!

From the point of view of the metropolis the downfall was utterly lamentable. Two days that were expected to bring streams of customers to the shopkeepers—the best two days of the season—have been ruined by the weather.

There is yet time for this week of royal and magnificent society activity to redeem itself, but Londoners are beginning to ask anxious questions about the Whitsun prospects.

On this point a reassuring forecast has been made by Mr. Hugh Clements, whose accurate weather prophecies have before now correctly guided *Daily Mirror* readers in forming their holiday plans. Mr. Clements's summary of the week-end weather prospects is:—

Saturday, June 10.—Generally overcast to cloudy during morning, with fine intervals, and between four and five hours of sunshine afterwards. Barometer, about 30.00, shows for rain, but little will fall.

Whit Sunday, June 11.—Overcast and unsettled in the morning. Very fine afterwards. Not warm.

Whit Monday, June 12.—Fine, with little cloud till evening. Slight unsettlement at night. Warmer.

Tuesday, June 13.—Fine and variably cloudy throughout the day. Overcast and slightly unsettled early morning and night.

Rain the Spoil-Sport.

Meanwhile the social functions arranged for this week have suffered dimly by reason of the unpropitious weather.

The incessant downpour completely spoilt the success of the first meet this season of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park.

Ten teams heroically turned out, but the trip to Hurlingham was abandoned.
A small crowd that assembled under a canopy of umbrellas was rewarded by the sight of Sir Frederick Banbury and Lady Banbury, whose coach was first on the scene. Other teams were driven by Mr. Albert Brassey and Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P.

Heaviest Rain for Ten Months.

"This is the biggest fall of rain," said Mr. Hugh R. Mill, the editor of "Symonds' Meteorological Magazine," to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "since July 25, 1904, when rain fell to a depth of 1.7in."

"Rain of a like beneficial character, from the point of view of the farmer, fell on June 13, 14, and 15, 1903, when in 89½ hours of continuous rain 3.44in. were recorded in the gauge."

"The rain which fell at the end of last month amounted to about three-quarters of an inch. It was of the thunder shower type, that washes away the soil and destroys crops rather than benefits them."

"While the drought has been severely felt in this part of England it has been even worse in the west and in Wales, where, I understand, there is still no rain."

SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

Daily Mirror correspondents in the provinces supply the following weather notes:—

WOKING.—Steady rain since yesterday morning. Hay and all other crops greatly benefited.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Upwards of 1in. rain during last twenty-four hours. Hops greatly needed it, and are much improved.

MAIDSTONE.—Steady rain. Hops and all other crops and fruit benefited. Destructive insects washed away.

CAMBRIDGE.—Perfect deluge for forty-eight hours. Situation was serious, but now enormously improved. Strawberry crop saved.

NEWCASTLE.—Rain, although late, will prevent lot of mischief. Rain is wanted. Hay cannot be first-class now.

The rain area extends over the South of England and part of the Midlands.

From the North complaints of drought swell in volume every hour. Monday's promise of rain has not been fulfilled.

Already, in view of the probable failure of the hay harvest, the price of old hay has gone up in Lincolnshire.

At Ramsbottom, in Manchester, on the river Irwell, several mills have completely stopped owing to water famine.

Bright sunshine is reported from the north, from Blackpool in the west to Scarborough in the east, and from Wales.

"PROVERBS" BAIT.

Symonds' Stores' Tactics Roundly
Denounced by Judge.

Judge Smyly, in the Shoreditch County Court, on reaching the end of a batch of judgment summonses against Messrs. Symonds' Stores, Ltd., of "proverbs and bicycles" fame, yesterday, announced that he had received the following message from the managing director:—

Paris, 10.35 a.m.—Have just been informed Official Receiver has been appointed for my business, therefore, of course, withdraw proposition in the previous telegram; my wish is that he continue to defend cases, but I quite understand that I have no further authority.—William Scott.

His Honour severely condemned the policy of the company, their scheme being one to induce ignorant people to send money on the understanding that they had become winners of prizes.

Of course, if the defendants had not said that everyone had won, no one would have sent anything towards the rag of a paper called "Pleasure."

When the half-crowns came in, of course, it was necessary to make the best possible shuffle to prevent having to give too much back. If 19,000 half-crowns were received it must have paid many, many times over for all the bicycles sent away.

"I think, on the whole," Judge Smyly added, "that the scheme was a most honest and misleading one, and everyone is entitled to the return of his money."

"In cases where measurements were asked for, which can be identified by the circulars sent, I award the plaintiffs £10 10s., and all other cases £2."

Judgment was given accordingly.

SHOOTING IN OXFORD STREET

How Miss Doughty Bought a Revolver and
Learned the Use of It.

Miss Florence Doughty again appeared at Marlborough-street yesterday on a charge of attempting to murder Mr. Charles Swan, a solicitor, and Mr. Leonard Swan, his son.

Mr. Charles Swan was still unable to appear in evidence, but after hearing a number of witnesses, Mr. Denman decided to commit Miss Doughty for trial, to save a further remand.

The chief evidence against Miss Doughty yesterday was supplied by the firm of Cogswell, Harrison, and Co., which supplied her with the revolver.

The evidence of their instructor, Mr. R. Kelland, from which Miss Doughty had received instruction from the firm of the use of the weapon at a range in Gillingham-street, Piccadilly.

£600 A WEEK.

American Offer to Mrs. Langtry of Five
Times a Cabinet Minister's Pay.

Some weeks ago the world heard, with incredulity at first, that Miss Cissie Loftus was getting £600 a week for appearing at a variety theatre in New York.

Now the same offer has been made to Mrs. Langtry by Messrs. Proctor, of New York. She is offered £100 a day to appear twice in a monologue. But she is doubtful whether her plans will permit her to be in America till late next year.

The London Coliseum a little while ago offered Mrs. Langtry £250 a week to appear there, the same salary which Mr. George Alexander is said to be going to receive when he plays in Mr. Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane.

"THE COUNTRY-SIDE."

No. 4 of a Novel and Charming Publication
Ready To-day.

Everything that is novel and interesting in the life of the birds and animals and wild flowers is to be found in the pages of "The Country-Side," which seems to have attracted correspondents from every corner of the United Kingdom.

The new paper has become a complete diary, both literary and pictorial, of the wild life of the week, the present number containing over thirty original photographs of beasts and birds and insects and flowers in their native haunts.

To the practical naturalist—whatever be his hobby—"The Country-Side" is indispensable; while its general interest makes it thoroughly attractive even to people who have hitherto thought that there was nothing interesting in natural history.

RIGOURS OF THE EDUCATION ACT.

Because she kept two of her children at home on alternate days to nurse a baby five months old, a woman was summoned at Tower Bridge and fined 15s. Another of her thirteen children has been taken to hospital with diphtheria and croup. Unless the fine is paid by Saturday, her husband, who is delicate, will be put in prison.

PASSPORT SCANDAL.

Accused Say They Acted in Interests
of "Peaceful Propaganda."

COMMITTAL ON BAIL.

There was quite an international air about Bow-street Police Court yesterday. With Sir Albert de Rutzen on the bench sat Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, and the Public Prosecutor, the Earl of Desart.

The case which commanded the attention of the Court was the charge against H. N. Brailsford, of Well-walk, Hampstead, and Arthur Henry Muir McCulloch, of Bolton-terrace, Lorraine-crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of Berwick-street, Manchester, of unlawfully conspiring with other persons unknown to obtain a passport by falsely stating that it was intended to be used by one of them for travelling in Russia, whereas it was intended to be falsely used by some other person, thus endangering the peaceful relations existing between the English and the Russian nations.

The prosecution is the sequel of the bomb explosion at the Hotel McCulloch, St. Petersburg, where the man in charge of the explosive was himself blown to pieces.

Amongst his effects it was stated that the passport, the subject of the present proceedings, was found.

Remarkable Story.

Inspector J. McCarthy gave the Court details of a somewhat remarkable statement made to him by Brailsford. "I was asked," he said, "by a person who is away on the Continent at one of the European centres, and who is connected with the Russian revolutionary movement, to get some passports for him."

"I agreed to do so, but I also received his express promise that they should be only used for peaceful propaganda."

Brailsford added: "Mr. McCulloch, the other defendant, is a friend of mine. I asked him to get the necessary forms to obtain passports."

"I am quite astonished," remarked Brailsford, "to find that the McCulloch passport was used by a man who was in possession of a bomb. I have since tried to regain possession of the other two we got, and have received one back and destroyed it. I hope to get the other back soon."

McCulloch, when seen by the inspector, said he filled up the passport forms to oblige Brailsford, whom he regarded as an honest and upright man. There was no question of money.

"When," added McCulloch, "I read of the explosion in St. Petersburg (I was in Manchester at the time) I went up to town and saw Mr. Brailsford. He appeared very much disturbed, and said he had been deceived by the person to whom he sent the passport."

Both Brailsford and McCulloch were committed for trial, the magistrate accepting their personal recognisances in £5 each.

FAMILY BUSINESS MAN.

Runs Businesses for His Wife, His Mother,
and His Brother.

Before Judge Smyly, K.C., in the Shoreditch County Court, yesterday, an interpleader action was heard, in which the wife of a man named Bradley claimed the whole of the home, execution upon which had been put in for a debt of the husband.

His Honour (to the husband): Whose business are you working in now?—My mother's.

You had a business before that, did you not?—No; that was my brother's.

But you had a business in the East End?—No; that was my wife's.

What became of that business, then?—Well, I happened to start in a neighbourhood made up of foreigners, and they ruined me.

Ruined you?—Well, I mean to say my wife.

His Honour: I believe the story of the wife that the goods belong to her. Judgment accordingly.

MADE NEARLY A MILLION.

Sir A. de Rutzen made an order, at Bow-street yesterday, for the extradition to Paris of Hippolyte Marie Raynard, a Frenchman, who was arrested some weeks since in Cophall-avenue, City, upon a warrant charging him with fraudulent bankruptcy in France.

The accused is credited with making a profit of £840,000 by financial methods that have been severely criticised by the Paris Press.

BALANCE OF A PENNY.

The sum of £14 15s. was paid into the City of London Court yesterday by a Yorkshire defendant regarding a dispute over Christmas cards.

The Judge, after long and grave arithmetical calculations, found that the total due was £14 15s. 1d. "We won't bother about the penny," remarked his Honour.

"BIT OF A HUMBUG."

Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer
Victims of an Alleged Fraud.

Lord Newport, the Duke of Norfolk's accountant, and the private secretaries of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain respectively, were among the witnesses called in a curious case at Worship-street yesterday.

John McLean and William Fleming were charged with obtaining money by fraud and false pretences, the alleged frauds consisting in the collection of monies for the London United Workmen's Committee.

McLean is said to have described himself as chairman of this body, and in his possession had been found a book with entries of amounts received from various titled and official persons.

Mr. Steele Maitland, private secretary to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, said that after some correspondence with McLean he had an interview with the man, and contrived to get some shillings. He gave the money understanding that the committee had been relieving men who had suffered by the stoppage of the sugar refineries owing to the bounty system.

Mr. Cluer: What did you believe that made you subscribe this money?

Witness: I thought he was relieving the people he mentioned, but I thought him a bit of a humbug.

Mr. Cluer: You really mean you thought he might be living very comfortably on the thing himself?

Witness: I should not have been a bit surprised. Mr. Thomas Kelly, hon. sec. of the London United Workmen's Committee, said McLean had been expelled from that body three years ago.

A remand was ordered, the magistrate remarking that the Treasury ought to take up the case.

THEFT OF AN OMNIBUS.

Criminal with a Weakness for Appropriating
Other People's Vehicles.

A singular weakness for cabs and omnibuses has led Edward Crawley, who is described as a barman, into a curious life of crime.

His story was told at the Clemenwell Sessions yesterday, when he was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for stealing a horse, a cab, and a set of harness.

For stealing cabs he had, said Detective-Sergt. Duggan, undergone several sentences.

Once he had been imprisoned for stealing an omnibus, and he had only been at liberty for three days when he was arrested for the present offence. He had now a long ticket-of-leave term to serve.

BIRTH AND BREEDING.

Man of Many Qualifications Who Lacked
Only a Railway Ticket.

"I have come over here to show what birth, breeding, education, and hard work can accomplish, not to defraud the high and mighty South-Western Railway of 7d."

Thus, with a slight nasal accent, spoke Mr. Albert H. Hopkins, described as Superintendent of Agencies of the Popular Life Assurance Company, Limited, when he appeared at Westminster yesterday.

The evidence showed that he was travelling in a first-class carriage between Clapham Junction and Waterloo, and could not produce a ticket when asked for one at Vauxhall Station.

The full penalty of 40s., with 23s. costs, was imposed.

DEFENDED BY MAGISTRATE.

Mr. Fordham's Remarkable Appeal to Wit-
nesses in Murder Charge.

Mr. Fordham, at the North London Police Court, in resuming the hearing of the case against James Gentleman, a flower-seller of London Fields, charged with murdering Lewis Wright, a sawyer, of Hackney, made a curious appeal to certain of the witnesses who appeared for the prosecution.

On Gentleman remarking that they were all of a clique, the magistrate added the opinion that the witnesses were keeping something back.

They were not, he said, speaking in favour of the prisoner, and perhaps they were not quite fair to him.

He earnestly appealed to them to tell all they knew—to remember the prisoner's life might be forfeited on the charge, and to forget the deceased man was their friend.

The witnesses added nothing to their testimony, and Gentleman was remanded.

COLONIAL CONFERENCE QUERIES.

Mr. Haldane, K.C., M.P., yesterday gave notice to ask Mr. Balfour to afford an opportunity for discussing the question of Colonial Conferences during the present session.

Mr. Balfour also gave notice to ask Mr. Balfour to state the Government's attitude towards preferential taxation of wheat and flour in this country.

AUSTRALIANS' FINE RECOVERY.

Fry the First Past the Post for the 1,000 Runs Race.

NOBLE AND JACKSON.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians, after a very poor start, made a great recovery at Bradford yesterday. Noble, "the man of the iron nerve," as he has been not inappropriately christened, was the man to pull the side together.

Noble at a pinch exactly corresponds, from an Australian point of view, to Jackson for England. The greater the crisis, the crowd, and the credit, the better does Noble bat.

Ringrose did a grand performance for Yorkshire in getting nine wickets for 76. Ringrose bowls fast, and makes the ball swerve a good deal in the air; in fact, he does right hand what Hirst does left. A man of fine physique, Ringrose can bowl on and without losing his pace, and, with his batting possibilities, has been unluckily indeed not to play first-class cricket regularly for several years.

Denton again played a good knock for his side, with his customary good fortune to help him. "Miss Denton twice, and he's got to get ninety odd," is an old saying of first-class cricketers.

FRY'S THOUSANDTH RUN.

Fry, after failing so badly last week—I refer to his actually batting twice in the same match without getting 100 in the two innings—rushed into the thousand runs yesterday with a really wonderful innings. Fry has been consistently unlucky this year in more ways than one; yet, given his fair share of fortune, he comes back smiling every time, and buses himself for hours hauling runs out of the bag.

At Oxford Fry was never a really great batsman, if one may be allowed to say so. Moreover, many of the great critics unceremoniously declared that he never could be anything better than a fair second-class bat.

IS THE SUSSEX CAPTAIN A JONAH?

Fry, however, started to upset the prevalent opinions by taking the game seriously and applying solid thought to the improvement of his cricket. Fry, as most people know, was a scholar, and a brilliant one at that, and when he applied a tutored brain to the problem of batting it was obviously only a matter of time before he came right to the front.

The next Test match will see Fry—probably in a sun-hat, an article of wear which he is very fond of—wandering in first for England, unless illness or accident again deprives England of her finest bat. There is only one thing against Fry. The side on which he is playing seldom wins the toss, and he himself, as a captain, was a persistent Jonah in this part of the game last year until he was given a certain lucky coin.

TO-MORROW'S FINE SIDE.

The M.C.C. are lucky indeed in finding so few counties engaged to-morrow. This has enabled them to collect a really strong side to oppose the Australians.

Those who have already been invited to play, and who have accepted the invitation, are as follows:—Hon. F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, C. B. Fry, R. E. Vainer, R. H. Spooner, H. K. Foster, Braund, Thompson, and Huish.

The last two places will be filled to-morrow, and will depend on the state of the wicket, the weather, and so forth. The four competitors are King, Fielder, Mead, and J. T. Hearne, of whom the last-named, as it is Lord's, should be included.

F. B. WILSON.

(Scores and other cricket news appear on page 14.)

HIGHLAND HOLIDAYS.

Whitsuntide Excursions Amid Charming and Varied Scenery.

Whitsuntide holiday keepers whose eyes are already longingly turned towards the Highlands will find a remarkably complete series of tours described in the excellent handbook just issued by the Highland Railway.

This includes a guide to golf courses in the vicinity of the railway, which southern players who desire to see the "royal and ancient" game in the land of its birth will find full of interest.

The circular tours are inexhaustible in variety and extent, and, since tickets issued now are available till the end of the year, the tourist is free to choose his own time.

Steamboat trips on the lochs and the Caledonian Canal are comprised in the tours, and exhaustive particulars of fares, hotels, and routes are given, with good maps and illustrations.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

No little amusement was caused in Llangollen Police Court by a blacksmith who excused the dirty appearance of his clothes when apprehended for drunkenness by saying that they were simply dusty through passing motor-cars.

"It's no good asking me any questions; I have no intellect," said a fireman who was fined at Swansea for drunkenness.

Betting fines of £21 and £60, or two months' imprisonment, were imposed respectively on a licensed victualler and a bookmaker at Wolverhampton yesterday.

Some two thousand employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Port Sunlight, are going to Liège at Whitsuntide to visit the exhibition. Three special boats will convey the party across.

Lord Derby presided at yesterday's meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, held at the Society of Arts, when the opinion was recorded that education should be paid for out of the national exchequer instead of from the rates.

After being knocked down by a motor-car at Great Ayrton, in Cleveland, a railway clerk named Gordon Kitchen lay for a time unconscious. He then crawled to a house a short distance away and was afterwards removed to the hospital in a serious condition.

Just as a pastor at a Blackburn church was announcing that at the close of the service the choir would render the anthem, "Who are these arrayed in white," two young ladies, attired in spotless white, inopportunely entered the sacred edifice and took their seats at the front.

Admitted in 1863, the oldest inmate of Willerby Asylum, Hull, has just died, aged ninety-one, having cost the ratepayers over £1,100.

"He's married our aunt, and we object to keeping her," was the defence of three brothers summoned at Bradford in respect of the maintenance of their aged father.

Cycle-stealing has so increased in Birmingham that, with a single exception, the local offices of the leading insurance companies have abandoned cycle insurance.

Bradford Corporation water is described by a Liversedge councillor as "a mixture of coffee, cocoa, and ale dregs." He says that the Liversedge authority ought not to allow Bradford to "bluff them" in the matter.

Two cyclists summoned at Merthyr for furious riding were alleged to have exceeded fifteen miles an hour. "Fifteen miles an hour is very fast—as fast as a Taff Vale train," said the stipendiary, in imposing fines of 10s. and costs.

Applications for 22,678 patents were made during 1904 as compared with 23,853 in 1903. Of this number 3,591 were last year from America, 2,807 from Germany, and 1,095 from France. Many inventions related to motor-cars.

Some time ago a Southport doctor lost his pocket-book containing a considerable sum of money. He offered a reward for its return, but without result. The other day the empty pocket-book was found in his surgery, and protruding from the end was a card bearing the inscription:—"Doctor, please make up the prescription again."

ANARCHIST ATTEMPT ON KING ALFONSO.



The Paris police say they can prove that the bomb used in the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso was sent from Spain to the house of Charles Malato (No. 3), and thence to that of Pedro Vallina (No. 2). Palacios (No. 1) and Navarro (No. 5) are well known to the police as Anarchists, and Bernard Harvey (No. 4), the only Englishman in the band, was arrested owing to his known sympathy with Anarchist opinions.

The annual conversation of the Society of Arts will take place at the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, on July 4.

Official returns issued yesterday show that last year's expenses of the metropolitan police force were £2,195,726, and of its pension fund £434,467. There are 102 prisoners down for trial at the June general session for the peace of the north side of the county of London, as compared with eighty-four for the corresponding period of last year.

Owing to the extensive preparations for the production of "Fiorella" to-night, at the Waldorf Theatre, Mr. Henry Russell has found it necessary to postpone to-day's matinee of "La Sonnambula."

Bath Corporation were besieged with deputations yesterday consequent upon the proposal to introduce Sunday concerts by the winter orchestra on the Roman Promenade. There were so many protests against the proposition that the scheme was unanimously dropped.

Mr. J. C. Jones, the Recorder of the Aberavon portreeves and burgesses, has served a writ on the Mayor of Aberavon (Alderman T. Owen) claiming £5,000 damages for alleged false imprisonment, as a result of proceedings taken against him some time ago in the High Court.

Dr. Thomas Trollope, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died worth £51,457, made numerous charitable bequests to St. Leonards, including £1,000 to the rectory of Christ Church in trust for the sick and poor, and £1,000 to the Hastings and St. Leonards and East Sussex Hospital. He desired that no yellow candles should be used at his funeral and forbade a post-mortem examination of his body.

In a mattress purchased at a Battersea auction sale for 3s., ten sovereigns were found yesterday by the buyer, a charwoman.

Under its new policy of one performance per night the Lyceum is presenting an interesting and delightfully varied programme of twenty trunks, calculated to please all tastes.

When the name of Barnett Cohen was called at the City Magistrate's court yesterday, five constables stepped forward. Each had a summons against him for obstruction with a barrow.

One of the features of the Tweedmouth picture sale at Christie's was the purchase of works of prices totalling over £30,000 by one bidder, Mr. Charles Davis, of 147, New Bond-street.

Workington (Cumberland) Harbour and Docks Bill, which has already passed the House of Lords, was yesterday before the Examiners of Private Bills of the House of Commons, and was sent forward for second reading.

A man who has lately been collecting money from officials at the Law Courts on the pretence that it was for the benefit of the widow of the old soldier who used to stand outside the stationer's shop at the Fleet-street end of Chancery-lane, has been given into custody as an alleged impostor by Lord Dunboyne.

Annoyed by the tenants' frequent changes of domicile at a colliery village near Wigan, the superintendent caused the following notice to be posted:—"Notice to all employees any Person or Persons that Moves into a House Without My Consent shall be Put out Without any money. Dam it I Must and Will have some Siston.—Hen Filster."

MONEY PLENTIFUL IN THE CITY.

Brilliant Success of New Brazilian Loan Yesterday.

KAFFIRS DEPRESSED.

CAPET TOWN, Tuesday Evening.—The point that was seized upon by the pessimists to-day, was of French origin. M. Delcassé was to resign, and the Morocco question was to become rather acute. But the same people who in the morning were disposed to mark stocks down on the Delcassé rumour, were disposed to mark them up later when M. Delcassé's actual resignation was known. They said that if M. Delcassé had resigned, it was not bad thing, and might lead to peace negotiations being opened up with Russia, or better relations with Germany, the latter involving, of course, the Morocco question.

It will be seen, therefore, that Stock Exchange gossip has had the day to themselves. This kind of thing does not happen when business is active. Consols were got down to 90½ at one time, but the great ease of the money position was very clearly shown again to-day, and the price rose again to 90½, which was slightly better than yesterday.

No doubt the brilliant success of the Brazilian loan helped. The lists were closed at one o'clock to-day. But the monetary ease is certainly striking, for not merely did the banking world repay £750,000 or thereabouts to the Bank of England, but the Exchequer bonds payments to-day were met with the greatest of ease.

The Australian new loan does not seem to be meeting with success. Not merely do we hear the arguments about over-borrowing by Australian Colonies, but, of course, Western Australia is not exactly popular, nor are its loans regarded as particularly cheap. Market men blame underwriters for encouraging these loans in order to snatch commissions. The premium of ½ is very nominal indeed, and it looks as though the loan is to be a fiasco, and will not be completely covered.

BULLS DISAPPOINTED.

American Rails did not receive any of that encouragement from abroad that was noticeable yesterday. They stay flat, rather badly, in fact, for the figures of the Amalgamated Copper Company showed that the earnings are not quite up to the level expected. And, as this great American institution had disappointed the "bulls," the market on the other side had sent lower prices. There was a rally later.

Taking the Colonial and Foreign Rails as a whole, the tendency was a little discouraging. There seemed a certain amount of support for Grand Trunks, and some of the Cuban rails were good, notably United of Havana at 143, for the clique which has recently been at work with Antioquias and one or two other stocks, seemed to be taking a hand here.

The attempt at a revolution in the Santiago province did not prove of much consequence, but neither the fizzling out of this little revolution nor the fact of the conversion scheme seemed to have much weight to-day, and Argentines were dull. Naturally the talk of peace negotiations has latterly had some influence on the war bonds, but whether due to the belief that there will be no early peace or not, both Russians and Japanese were dull to-day, the latter especially so, and at one time the new scrip was got down to only 1½ premium. The success of the new Brazilian loan helped all Brazilian issues. The new loan itself was called ½ premium, and has been a good deal better. Certainly its instantaneous success took the market rather by surprise. Most leading Paris favourites were dull.

RALLY IN LYONS.

Lyons were a little inclined to rally on the meeting to 6 1-15. Hudson's lines were rather on the rise to 72, though the final dividend makes up £2 18s. for the year, and this is 3s. better than dividend and return of capital last year. The Chinese speculative group, too, was dull, Pekin Syndicate being offered.

There was a depressed tendency for Kaffirs, and Paris was inclined to sell them. In the afternoon, as the close was weak, Goldfields, Geduld, and Modderfontein were unfavourable features, and there was selling of the Rhodesian section as well. In fact, nobody seems to want Kaffirs, and dealers complain and if they quote a price for dealing, they are promptly left with the shares. Certain market facilities in Kaffirs have never been worse than during the last few months.

Most other mining sections were dull. In West Africans the Broomissie crushing did not excite enthusiasm. Mr. Feldtman succeeds Mr. Daw as consulting engineer of the Ashanti Goldfields. West Africans are lower, Great Fingalls showing some weakness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAPLE LEAF (Butcher): We strongly urge you to leave the rubbish alone. It is absolutely worthless.—R. WHITE (Stenographer): Quoted 2½, and mostly sellers. Market opinion unfavourable.—BANKETS (W. A. W.): No.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1905.

IS IT PRACTICAL?

IT was very painful for the Mansion House Conference on the Unemployed to be addressed unawares by a Socialist. Lord Mayors and Bishops are not accustomed to such treatment. Specially annoying must it have been to hear this pestilent fellow calling loudly for the "nationalisation of industry," for in all probability they had not the slightest idea what he meant.

In this, however, they are on equal terms with the mass of people of this country. Very few could explain what this Socialist demand does mean. Let us see if we cannot make it clear.

At present nearly everything which employs labour and supplies us with necessities is owned by private individuals. The land, for example, out of which we get the kindly fruits of the earth and upon which our chops and steaks are nourished. The mines, to take another instance, whence comes the coal we need to cook with and keep ourselves warm.

It is true, we have already declined to allow private persons to make profits out of carrying our letters for us, or out of carrying us in the electric cars, which in so many places are now owned by the public. But for the most part the things we must have are supplied to us by private owners.

Now, private owners naturally want to make as much profit as they can for themselves out of the public needs. Their aim is to pay as little as may be for labour and to make the purchasers of their produce pay as much as can be screwed out of them. Those are the principles of business conducted for the benefit of individuals.

The Socialists say this plan is all very well for the few individuals who own land and mines and so on, but all very bad for the many who do not. The plan they propose to substitute is that the many, either through the Central Government, or through local authorities such as County and Borough Councils, should buy the land and the mines and so on from the few—just as they have bought the telegraph system and tramways and waterworks—in other words, that they should "nationalise" or "municipalise" them.

How would this benefit the many? Say the Socialists: In three ways. First of all, the profits would belong to the many instead of the few, and would be used in relief of rates and taxes. Secondly, the prices of necessities would be kept as low as was consistent with small profits, and not put up as high as possible in order to make large ones. Thirdly, the labour employed in producing these necessities would be more fairly paid.

Municipal tramcars provide us with a working example of these benefits. The profits on these no longer go into private pockets, but are used to keep down the rates. Fares are low; and all who are employed in working the cars are paid, not the lowest possible, but a decent living wage. "Do with the land and the mines and so on as you have done with tramcar systems," say the Socialists.

But supposing the owners of the land and the mines and so on did not want to sell? In that case a fair price would be fixed and they would be made to sell. "Oh, you say, 'but this is a free country. You cannot make a man do what he does not want to do.' 'Really?' replies the Socialist. 'Then do you want to pay income-tax and rates? No; but the central and local authorities make you do so. It is also permitted to railway companies to take a man's land at a fair price against his will. Surely we can do ourselves what we allow others to do.'"

That is the Socialist position. Now you know what that vague and ugly phrase, the "nationalisation of industry" means. How does it strike you as a practical aim?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

With all sorts of men we must deal ingeniously, yet reservedly, saying what we think, but thinking more than we say, lest we give power to others to take hold of the rudder of our minds.—*Peter du Moulin* (1600-1684).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE royalties who are to dine at Lansdowne House to-night no doubt confer a great honour upon an English subject, but it is an honour which must make the recipients very nervous. Imagine the agony of mind of a hostess who felt that something might go wrong—that a butler might upset wine over the King of Spain or soup over the King of England. Things are generally too carefully rehearsed on such occasions, however, for anything so horrifying to happen. Still, there have been instances of mismanaged functions of this sort.

People have not forgotten, to take an instance, the reception which Mr. Chamberlain gave a few years ago at a house hired for the occasion in Piccadilly. The present Queen was to honour him by her presence, and so were the Princess Victoria, and, I think, the Princess Charles of Denmark. When their arrival was announced the other guests crowded out of the reception rooms on to the staircase and into the hall to catch a glimpse of them. The result was that Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were seen struggling to greet their royal guests out

ago by the duel he fought with Prince Henri d'Orleans, who had made some slighting remarks on the Italian army.

The Bishop of Kensington, Dr. Ridgeway, is to preside to-day at the annual general meeting in support of the Oxford House, the most famous of East End improvement societies. I am sure that the Bishop will stir the West End audience at Bridgewater House, for he is by no means inclined to mince matters when he tells the rich of their duties. Sometimes, when he was at St. Peter's, Cranley-garden, his vigorous sermons, delivered in a rather shrill and piercing voice, used to bring tears to the eyes of penitents. He is rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, by the way, as well as Bishop of Kensington, and the fact causes him an endless amount of inconvenience.

He declares that he spends very nearly three hours a day in the Underground Railway, travelling from West to East, and back again. Another kind of travel is his great recreation, and he always spends his holidays abroad. I caught sight of him a year or two ago at a wayside station in Switzerland. He had evidently been bicycling, and was most peculiarly dressed. He wore knee-breeches of a rough material and a sportsman's stockings,

HOW THE KING OF SPAIN MIGHT HAVE "DONE" LONDON.



It rained when King Alfonso landed on the royal yacht. It rained when he reached Victoria. It was still pouring when he went out yesterday. May the weather be more propitious to-day!

of a sea of people; that the Queen got wedged in the crowd; that the Princess Victoria burst into tears; that they both turned back and drove away again in their carriage; and that the reception was, frankly, a failure.

An interesting naval promotion, which has just been announced, is that of Vice-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel to the rank of Admiral, in place of Admiral Dale, who is retiring. One of Sir Gerard's most remarkable exploits was his prevention of a double disaster at the time when the Victoria went down. He was following this ship when it collided with the Camperdown, and was being followed in turn by Admiral Brackenbury in the Edinburgh. When the collision occurred these two managed, by their united skill, to swerve aside, and so avoided the disaster which threatened them. Admiral Noel is about sixty, and is a small man, with an immense provision of nervous energy at his command.

The Count of Turin, the fascinating cousin of the King of Italy, for whom a former American admirer has just broken her heart, is one of the most popular members of the Italian royal house, and seems to have a strange influence over Americans. He had an enormous social success in New York, and it was said that the greatly admired niece of Mrs. Potter Palmer, a Miss Grant, who was invited wherever the Count went. It was understood, however, that he had fallen in love before this with one who could not return his affection, and he seems certainly to be an incorrigible bachelor. His popularity was increased a few years

while his coat, waistcoat, and hat were all strictly episcopal. He began, in fact, as a Bishop and ended as a Bicyclist. It was a striking combination.

There has been an unusually successful spring season for salmon angling in the Tweed this year, and I hear that Lord Dunglass is the delighted fisherman who holds the record with no fewer than forty-four fine fish taken by his own rod. Lord Dunglass's political ambitions are, I fancy, rather overcome by his love for sport. His father, Lord Home, and he rent a shooting from the Duke of Roxburgh, and they can command, between them, three other shootings besides, round Lord Home's splendid seats, Douglas Castle and Bathwell Castle, in Lanarkshire. With such delights as these to appeal to the heart of a Scotsman, London must seem a place of exile and politics a bore.

Count von Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor of the German Empire, is, it seems, becoming more than ever a favourite with the Kaiser, since he has just been raised to the rank of Prince. Like Bismarck, the new Prince has won his position largely by iron determination and by remembering that silence is golden. No one can ever "draw" him on any question. The editor of a famous Opposition paper called upon him not long ago to try and do so. "You said in your paper once," said the Count smiling, "that my strength lay solely in the fact that nobody knows what I am aiming at. You will therefore understand me when I refuse to weaken my position." And he gave no answer to any of the editor's questions.

KING ALFONSO'S HOSTESSES.

Lady Lansdowne and Lady Londonderry,
Who Entertain Our Royal Guest
This Evening.

THIS evening King Alfonso is the guest of our two most famous hostesses. As is only right he is the guest at dinner of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. What could be fitter than that he should visit the statesman who has done so much to bring us to our present state of friendly understanding with almost every European nation.

And Lady Lansdowne, as his hostess, represents a great many of our noble families, for, as one of the fourteen children of the late Lady Abercorn, her relatives are many.

Tall and stately, with the beautifully-shaped head that distinguishes her family, she is an imposing figure anywhere, while her charm and grace have made her loved in three continents.

BELOVED IN INDIA.

When Lord Lansdowne became Viceroy of Canada, over twenty years ago, she shared the conquest of Canadian hearts with him, and when later she accompanied him to India in the greatest position the Crown can offer, the East succumbed to her charms as well. A public memorial records the fact.

Disguised in native dress, she visited native homes and learned to know the people of India as few have known them, and was loved by them next to the Great White Empress.

Since Lord Lansdowne's return to England she has taken her position as almost our chief political hostess. And she knows the value of keeping up ceremony. She is one of the few noblewomen who still go to Court in state, and at great official dinners and receptions, when royalty is present, she and Lord Lansdowne generally arrive in their state carriage with three magnificently-liveried footmen standing behind.

Lansdowne House, too, is an ideal place for functions—one of the few remaining "hereditary mansions." The entrance, with its heavy statuary, is, perhaps, more reminiscent of the British Museum, but that does not detract from its dignity or roominess.

From Lansdowne House King Alfonso goes to Londonderry House, to be entertained by a hostess who has been Vice-Reine in Ireland.

No account of Lady Londonderry is really adequate without her portrait, for she is one of the number of beautiful women of Queen Victoria's reign, who, like Queen Alexandra, seem to have solved the problem of perpetual youth. Though a grandmother she is still a famous beauty.

IRELAND HER COUNTRY.

Well known and greatly admired as she is in England, it is to Ireland, the country of her adoption, that she has devoted herself heart and soul. She has worked hard to revive Irish industries, and the present popularity of Irish laces and Irish tweeds is due to her.

At state functions she is always a striking figure, for, unlike most beautiful women, her jewels rarely adorn her. Few women, indeed, could wear the famous Londonderry diamonds and pearls. The great confields in Durham, which she brought her husband as her dowry, have helped to keep those family heirlooms in undiminished splendour.

But, famous hostess as she is, her personal tastes run rather in the direction of country life, and she has earned quite a reputation as a farmer and breeder of stock. Her horses and cattle always find ready purchasers.

But, though she is fond of her horses and of breeding them, she is no longer a fearless horsewoman, since her accident in Rotten Row a few years ago. She is, and always has been, a famous whip, however, though of late she has learned to appreciate the motor-car.

Her cares as hostess to-night will be too heavy to leave her much opportunity for displaying one of her greatest charms, her brilliant conversation.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 6.—How lovely a country garden looks wet with June rain! At sunset, when clouds break and every flower has a golden shadow, we walk in fairyland.

Peep into the garden. Gorgeous rhododendrons, in bold masses, are dazzling pictures. Down long borders great spikes of white and blue lupins, delicate columbines, white and pink rockets, blue monkshood, moon daisies, pyrethrums, gleam against the deep green of everything.

Smaller flowers, aubretias, "snow in summer," the pretty yellow flax, violas, pansies, are almost as gay. By wet walls splendid pansies and flag irises greet one. Yet to be content has not been visited; the tale of the trees is untold!

E. F. T.

The "Country-Side," the new delightful journal of outdoor life, can be obtained to-day, price one penny, at all newsagents.



FLOODED LONDON



London had the questionable benefit of continuous rain again yesterday, and the streets were covered with a film of sloppy mud, which made walking a penance. Dripping umbrellas and soaking waterproofs were the order of the day as far as pedestrians were concerned, and the police were clothed in glistening oilskins. What it looked like in Trafalgar-square and Oxford-circus and at the Coaching Club meet in Hyde Park may be gathered from the photographs reproduced.

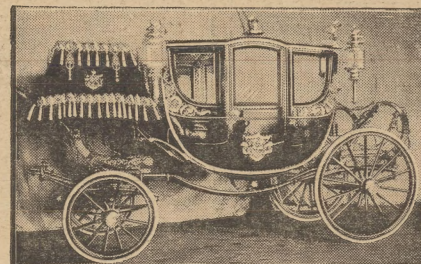


THE GERMAN

THE BRIDE AND NOTAR GU



A charming portrait of the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg, who was married yesterday to the German Crown Prince at Berlin. The new Crown Princess is eighteen years of age, and has been brought up in a very simple manner at her home in Mecklenburg. Above is a new photograph of her father-in-law, the Kaiser.



Magnificent state carriage given to the Crown Prince by the Province of Posen as a wedding-present. It was first used at the wedding ceremony in Berlin.



The Grand Duchess Vladimir. The Grand Duke did not attend the wedding, fearing an attempt upon his life.



Prince Arthur of Connaught, only son of the Duke of Connaught, who represented King Edward at the royal wedding.



Grand Duchess Anastasie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother of the reigning Grand Duke and of the Duchess Cecile.



The star of the Korean order presented to the Crown Prince.



Duchess Cecile as a the reigning Grand Sch



An excellent snapshot with other members the races



The German Crown tion—snapshotted the Hon

ROYAL WEDDING

BRIDEGROOM
WEDDING



with her brother,
F. Mecklenburg.



The German Crown Prince, who married yesterday Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg, amid the rejoicings of the people of Berlin. Above is the latest portrait of his mother, the Kaiserin, who was the first to welcome her son's bride to the city which will be her future home.



The Marmor Palace at Potsdam, which will be the principal residence of the Crown Prince and Princess when they are staying in the capital.

Duchess Cecilie,
family, taken at
August.



Prince and Princess Arisugawa, who were the special representatives of the Emperor of Japan at the royal marriage in Berlin. The Prince is a member of the Japanese Imperial Family, and holds the rank of admiral in the navy.



The order presented to the Crown Prince by the Emperor of Korea.

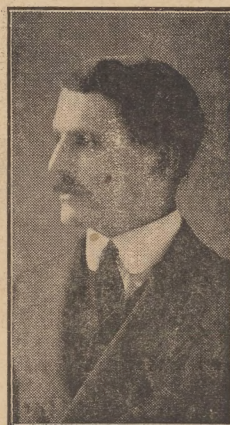


The late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, father of the German Crown Prince's newly-wedded bride, Duchess Cecile.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING & AN ENGAGEMENT



Miss Ethel Clifford, daughter of the late Professor and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the well-known authoress, who is to be married this afternoon to—



Mr. Fisher Dilke, nephew of Sir Charles Dilke, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.—
(Keturah-Collings.)



Lady Norah Spencer Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, whose engagement to the Hon. William Walsh, third son of Lord Ormathwaite, is just announced.

POPULAR SINGERS NEARLY DROWNED.



While boating on the Thames at Henley Mme. Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, were upset into the water, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Rumford managed to get the famous contralto to the bank in an exhausted and fainting condition.

MERE MAN'S WORST MOMENTS.

Shopping is One of the Unprotected Males' Greatest Miseries.

BY A HUSBAND WHO HAS SUFFERED.

I hate doing domestic shopping. It is the kind of thing that lowers a man's self-respect.

Now, only last evening I was sent out to buy bacon. I don't want you to run away with the idea that I am frequently called upon to perform these menial services. As a matter of fact, I keep two servants and a governess, as well as a wife and family, but on this particular occasion the servants were in the middle of spring cleaning, and the governess was out with that section of the family usually entrusted to her care, and my wife was ill. The man behind the counter accepted my order for six rashers with bumptious cheerfulness. I added that I wished the rashers cut from the back of the animal. I had acquired this information a few minutes before, and hoped it would create an impression, but it did not. The man only nodded as much as to say that that would be the usual course to pursue.

At this moment a lady came in. She was clad in some sort of radiant garment that formed a perfect setting for her rich southern beauty. She was buying sausages, but she bought them like a queen, and she looked with a scornful eye upon me buying bacon. I longed to justly myself. I longed to say "Madam, it is not as you think. I keep two servants and a governess," but, of course, I couldn't.

Then my tormentor behind the counter said, "Do you like it fat or lean?" I couldn't for the life of me remember, so I stammered, reddened, and said, "Er—yes, rather so." "Rather fat or rather lean?" said the shopman, who was growing more offensive every moment. "Fat," I snapped. I

watched him cutting the rashers. I reflected that the knife must rest on all sorts of plomaines and germs, and I hoped it would slip and cut his finger. But it didn't, and I walked home fuming.

As I have said, these domestic shopping expeditions are of very rare occurrence, but those to provision shops are not the worst.

Once Evangeline requested me to buy her a yard of petticoat lace counter in a huge drapery establishment while she bought something else at another. There was a train to be caught, I remember. She pointed out the counter, and I arrived there in safety, but then I couldn't for the life of me remember the outrageous name of the stuff which I had to buy.

THE ILLUSIVENESS OF NAMES.

A very pretty girl came tripping down the length of the counter and asked in quite a friendly sort of way what I wanted. Unfortunately, I had not the remotest notion what I did want.

I explained rather clumsily that I had been asked to buy a yard of something for my wife, but I couldn't remember the name of it. I thought it began with an S, or else a W. Perhaps she could suggest something. She suggested quite a number of weird and extraordinary things beginning with S or W, but none of them were right, because petticoats does not happen to commence with either of those letters. The only clue floating about in my disordered mind was that the word had some connection with the view from Richmond Hill, but I never thought of those meadows that they were always going to build over. I was just going to ask for a "Bradshaw" in order that I might look up the Richmond trains and see if any of them stopped at the material of which I was in search when Evangeline arrived breathless.

"My dear boy," she said, "what a time you have been having. We shall miss our train. Give me the parcel." I had to explain that there wasn't any parcel. "What on earth have you been doing?" asked Evangeline in amazement. I pointed out that there was no use discussing the matter since there was no time to waste, and so Evangeline left without buying the petticoats.

That is generally the way my shopping expeditions end.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"FUSS" IN THE NAVY.

Till we hear to the contrary, we may take it for granted that Admiral Togo did not worry about how his men were dressed when they went into action.

At any rate Nelson did not care. In his day the usual light garb of the British seaman was a pair of trousers and a handkerchief knotted round the head. Battles were battles, not parades, then, and they still are.

B. W. TYSON.

PNEUMONIA BLOUSES.

Instead of courting illness by wearing what are facetiously called "Pneumonia Blouses," women are doing much to strengthen themselves and the race.

If people would only remember that the skin is quite as much an organ of the body as a mere covering to it, they would take more pains to keep it healthy. There is nothing like sunlight to do so.

L. R. C. P.

MUSIC IN THE WORKHOUSE.

I was pleased to see the remarks in your leading article on music in the workhouse. An up-to-date gramophone is almost perfect.

If the Hampstead Guardians had accepted the kind offer of the gramophone it would have given pleasure to the poor old people, and been the means of passing many a weary hour.

WALTER BURGESS.

Lorraine, Shepton Mallet.

"HARDEST WORKED OF ALL."

I have had several letters from public-house employees since I wrote you about their lot.

One says that barmen usually work fifteen hours a day, and that thousands of them are driven to drink in order to keep going. "In the end," he says, "it masters us, our constitutions are broken up, and we are good for nothing."

Would it not be possible for barmen to form a trade union? EAST END CURATE.

"Yes, he promised to pay well—he'll keep his promise."

Hilary did not understand Dolores's sudden change of moods. He judged from the exterior; he could not see into her heart, he did not guess that she had changed there.

"Tell me," he whispered, "How much did he promise you? He's a clever fellow, is Vogel; I don't trust him, Dolores, he'll do us even now if he can. But I won't let him—leave it to me; I'll see that he is not swindled—leave it to me. I've learnt something since I returned, and I've guessed a bit more, too! I've something up my sleeve that may startle Vogel, if he tries to cheat us—now that we've cheated for him."

Again he glanced at his wife out of the corners of his eyes; her face was a cold white mask. Hesitatingly he put out his hand and laid it on hers.

It was the first demonstration of affection he had ever made, and he trembled as his flesh met hers. But she did not repel him; she took no notice. Her hand was like cold steel, his fingers wound themselves round hers, he pressed them tightly, tried to thaw them—in vain.

Still she did not repel him, and hope soared high in his drunken heart; the heart that had beat for drink now beat for love.

Love! He edged closer to her, closer, and closer, until he clasped that cold white hand now and drew it against his breast.

Love—it was a new experience, a new joy! Every nerve in his body quivered and thrilled, thrilled with new life, fresh strength.

"Dolores," he whispered, "Dolores—my wife!" She made no reply, gave no sign. But his body was pressed against hers, she sat side by side, and her hand lay on his heart, held there like a vice in his trembling fingers.

His blood danced even as it danced when the Demon Drink throbbled through his veins; it danced to as glorious a tune, it filled his soul with as wild and as beautiful dreams and desires, it gave him back his strength, his youth.

"Dolores—we must be careful—we won't let Vogel think we're—you're resigned: he mustn't believe that you're going to give up Merrick—for you will give him up, I know that you will—he mustn't see how much I love you. I'm afraid I told him when I returned—I talked too much, but I know now, we'll be on our guard, we'll wait until he has paid us—"

"Hasn't he paid us?"

"No, no—not yet. But to-night he promised—that's why I'm taking you to Grosvenor-square; he'll pay you to-night, and he'll pay me. Then—then—" he hesitated and looked at the white, deathly face beside him: he was afraid lest he went too far, said too much.

Love was nearly as dangerous and potent a drug as drink. Under its influence a man's tongue wagged too fast and his heart beat too quickly, and Reason fused with Desire.

"Then?" Dolores echoed in the same hollow, lifeless voice.

"Then, perhaps for a while you'll stay with Vogel, until you feel safe with me—until you see that I am strong, that I can conquer the—my falling. But I have conquered, Dolores," he cried passionately. "I have conquered already. I'm a new man, don't you see it, don't you feel it? The evil things will never trouble me again; their spell is broken. Do you know how? You've broken the

(Continued on page 17.)

UTTER WEARINESS

Explains How This Feeling Is Caused, What It Indicates, and the Manner in Which You May Regain Strength, Vigour, and Full Nerve Power

There is nothing more worrying, or that makes life so burdensome, and its daily duties so irksome, as that terrible feeling of utter weariness. You feel worn out, incapable of exertion, depressed, and probably find it difficult to obtain refreshing sleep at night. Your friends suggest that you should feed yourself up, but you have little appetite, and even if you manage to swallow food you cannot manage to digest it, and your condition does not improve, but, on the contrary, each day you feel worse than you did the day before. This acts and reacts on your business or professional work. You find yourself unable to concentrate your mind or to come to a wise decision on points of business or professional policy, and speaking generally you are unequal to your daily work or your responsibilities. Have we in these words described how you feel?

WHAT IS REALLY THE MATTER?

It is easy to say what is wrong. Your nervous system has been overworked, and your brain has had an excessive strain put upon it. Consequently your nerve and brain tissue has been worn away faster than it has been replaced, and complete nervous breakdown is simply a matter of time. When that arrives you will be entirely unable to continue your work, but will be compelled to take a prolonged rest until Nature restores the balance.

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE?

We have in the previous paragraph explained the nature of the trouble, but, you say, you can't help you very much. It does, however, help you thus far. Knowing what is really wrong, you can see what is necessary to put you right. If your nerve and brain tissue is being worn away in the manner indicated, it is clear that two things are necessary. First, the wearing-away process must be stopped, and, second, the nerve and brain tissue must be restored, so as to enable their functions to be properly performed.

A REMEDY THAT GOES TO THE ROOT OF THINGS.

We have already said that two things are necessary in nervous exhaustion—the arrest of the wearing away of the nerves and the restoration to them of what has already been lost. Any remedy to be really effective must satisfy these two requirements, and it is because they fail to effect these two things that so many vaunted remedies are a complete failure in conditions due to brain or nervous exhaustion. Bishop's Toniques are non-poisonous, and their scientific nature, on the contrary, stop both the wearing-away process and at the same time build up the exhausted brain and nerves. That is why they are so



traordinarily successful in all nervous disorders. Bishop's Toniques nourish the nerves, create nerve power, economise nerve energy, and establish a reserve of nerve strength. The effects are not merely temporary, but thorough and lasting, because they deal with the cause of the trouble instead of the mere effects. Bishop's Toniques are exactly the remedy you require, the evident when we state that their composition will be confided to any qualified medical man who wishes to know it previous to his prescribing them.

"DOUGHT I TO TAKE THEM?"

If you suffer from lassitude and fatigue, weakened will power, failing memory, inability to fix the attention, mental depression, lack of confidence, worry and anxiety, impaired vitality, tired brain, or other signs of nervous trouble, Bishop's Toniques are exactly the remedy you require. The appetite improves under the influence of Bishop's Toniques, the assimilation of food is promoted, the liver is stimulated, and the flow of bile increased. The eyes grow brighter, the complexion clearer and more healthy, and soft, flabby flesh becomes firm. Is this not just what you want?

A STRIKING LETTER

E. F., London, writes: "Being a sufferer for the past three years from Chronic Dyspepsia, Severe Headaches, and Nervous Exhaustion, and having tried several remedies without any good effect, I began to think my condition was hopeless, and became despondent, which brought me down to a very low state. Bishop's Toniques were recommended to me, and I determined to try them, and the result was excellent. Bishop's Toniques put new life into me. My nerves became stronger, my head ceased, my sight cleared, and my health was restored. Bishop's Toniques have worked a miracle."

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which will be forwarded for 1s. 1d. post free within the United Kingdom, or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 43, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Drug Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d., together with booklet on "Nervous Disorders." Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply further information our readers would like to have.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

KING TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

ELLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Dolores needed no further confirmation of the result of the race; in those few words Horace Hilary, her husband, had told her that the impossible had happened, that Fate, in a wildly hilarious moment, had given Vice his head and pulled victory, that Vogel had won, that The Devil had won.

And Vogel's words echoed loudly in her ears. "The Devil always wins."

She lay back in the compartment with eyes closed, her body limp and weak, absolutely helpless, absolutely hopeless.

Hilary watched her with his sad, greedy grey eyes, puzzled and mystified. He could not understand this sudden change in her from firm strength to weakness; a moment ago she defied him, now she lay helpless, apparently in his power.

He did not like to speak again, to say anything more, unless another change took place; he sat opposite her whilst the train throbbed and rattled its iron way to London, waiting and watching.

Dolores did not move nor stir nor open her eyes until the train stopped for the collection of tickets, then, when it moved forward again, she looked at Hilary and spoke.

"The change in King Daffodil."

"Tell me—how did it happen?"

"How did what happen?"

"It seemed so natural, this victory of Vogel's, so expected, so certain, that Hilary could not understand, could not even realise his wife's surprise and horror."

"How did it happen that The Devil won?" she gasped.

"Didn't you expect him to win—didn't you know that he would win?" Hilary asked quickly, leaning forward with sudden surprise in his eyes.

"Yes, I knew," she faltered. "But I didn't wait to see the end—I want to know how it won—what happened to King Daffodil."

"You said just now—"

"There was an accident. I told you—"

Hilary laughed nervously. "An accident at the corner—what d'you call it?—Tattenham Corner—Merrick was coming along too fast and—"

"Yes."

Again Hilary laughed.

"Well, he turned the corner sharply. He was leading by lengths, the horse's name was already shouted as the winner, when suddenly he went over the rails, head over heels."

SUNNY SOUTHSEA as a HOLIDAY RESORT



A view across Portsmouth Harbour, with the old town in the background. Old Portsmouth is one of the most interesting of seaport towns, both by reason of its picturesque quaintness and its historical associations.



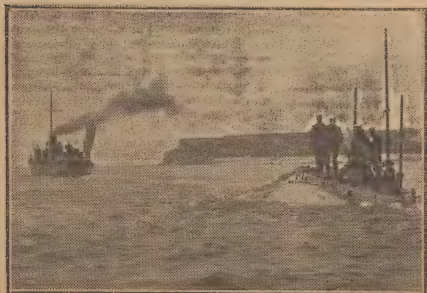
The "Ladies' Mile" at Southsea, the favourite promenade of residents and visitors at the popular seaside watering-place.



The beach at Southsea, showing the Clarence Pier and Pavilion, where concerts are given every afternoon and evening.



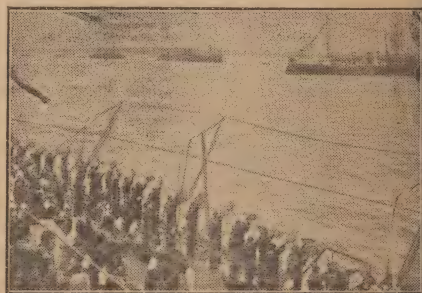
Looking towards the famous anchorage of Spithead, where England's battle fleets have so often lain at anchor, from the beach at Southsea.



One of many familiar naval spectacles at Portsmouth and Southsea: A destroyer and submarine leaving the harbour for sea-going exercises.



The fine Town Hall of Portsmouth, the scene of many historic international naval festivities. It will figure largely in the entertainments given on the occasion of the visit of the French Fleet.



A picturesque incident on board a battleship. The crew responding to the signal from the flagship—"Three cheers for King Edward VII."



The iron walls of England: A first-class battleship entering Portsmouth Harbour, one of the finest sights to be enjoyed by visitors to Southsea.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT'S WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF CON- NAUGHT'S IRISH LACE.

The fact that the Duchess of Connaught, when she passed through Paris after her spring tour in the Mediterranean, gave a certain number of orders to French firms for her daughter's trousseau gave colour to the idea that the main portion of the beautiful toilettes that the bride of next week is to possess were to emanate from the capital of France. This is by no means the case. London has been more busy than any other city on behalf of the royal trousseau, and Ireland is supplying the most exquisite laces and embroideries to add to the already large stock possessed by Princess Margaret, who loves all things Irish, and will spend her honeymoon in Ireland.

The bridesmaids' dresses are being made by various London modistes, for each young Princess has favoured her own particular dressmaker with an order. They will, of course, be made alike, though Princess Mary of Wales and the other small children will wear short frocks, while those of the grown-up Princesses are trained. Princess Patricia of Connaught will herself weave the wreaths for the bridesmaids, of whom she is the chief, and will use

for the purpose shamrocks and marguerites, a symbolical choice that is most appropriate.

Princess Margaret has had some very smart gowns made by Paquin. They were not ordered in Paris, but in the London house in Dover-street, just off Piccadilly, and the bride-to-be was fitted at Clarence House. Two of the robes were rich black ones—in one case, that of a gauze toilette, embroidered with jet, and in the other softened with mouseline de soie, the fabric in the latter case mainly used being black satin of the old-fashioned

and masses of lovely brown hair. Princess Patricia is decidedly tall. Princess Margaret's favourite millinery is of the picture type, and she has ordered several black picture-hats simply trimmed with black feathers. The straw used, as it is the summer-time, is crinoline—a semi-transparent type, and as light as thistle-down on the head.

Her little things, such as embroidered linen shirts, collars, silk stockings, with hand-set insertions of lace upon them, gloves, parasols, and shoes, have been supplied by the firms that have been privileged



Some pretty little adjuncts of the toilette for the royal bride of next week, including a fan with Limerick lace leaves, a parasol with the new hinged handle, and gloves embroidered at the wrists with silk.

very handsome quality. In both cases the introduction of pure white lace robbed the toilettes of their sombre character. The black satin robe has a white chemisette made of appliqué lace with elbow sleeves.

Two of the mantles that came from the same house were, firstly a black Chinese coat with voluminous sleeves and a white lace hood, and, secondly, a blue satin robe with pink and blue embroideries upon it, and a lining of blue mouseline de soie.

Princess Margaret is not so tall as her sister; she is of middle height, with an elegant little figure

to please the Duchess of Connaught for years. Most exquisite are some of the Irish lace fans mounted upon mother of pearl and blonde tortoiseshell, and for every lovely frock there is a suitable parasol—some of white lingeerie embroidered with white thread, others inset with rare lace, such as Brussels and Chantilly, and for yachting expeditions in the beautiful fjords outside Stockholm silk parasols with no trimming save bands of stripes as an edging. Many of the dainty eticeteras are embroidered with a shamrock and marguerite intertwined as a tribute to the bride's name and estate.



One of Princess Margaret's black picture hats, made of crinoline and trimmed with ostrich feathers.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

spell, Dolores, you've killed the Devil that has ruled me all these years, the Devil that Vogel planted like a foul flower in my heart when he sent me away to hide like a criminal in a distant land. You've killed the evil things, and Love instead holds sway in my heart. Do you hear, Dolores—Love?

He laughed childishly, and pressed his lips to her hand.

"What are you saying?" she cried, and her voice was like no human voice. "What are you saying, you poor mad thing?"

"Listen, listen," he continued eagerly.

Like a drunken man was Horace Hilary now, but it was not the power of drink that swayed him. "We will go away, afterwards—in a few days or a few weeks—as soon as you are ready. I won't hurry you, I won't force you to come; I shall be content to wait your own time, until your heart melts towards me, Dolores, until you have forgotten Arthur Merrick."

He felt her start at the name, he felt her muscles contract as if an electric current had suddenly been transmitted through her body.

"We will find a cottage—a cottage like Rose Cottage, only the roof shall be thatched with straw, and instead of roses honeysuckle shall climb the windows. We will go far away from the roar of the world and live with nature—just you and I and love, Dolores. I will give you all you want. I shall be your slave and pour out love at your feet as the earth pours out the waters of her great rivers. So I have dreamed in the past years in America, dreamed of coming home and finding you, my wife, and starting life afresh; so I dreamed when first I met you years ago and fell in love with you. I thought to buy your love with gold then—that was Vogel's teaching—gold will buy anything or anyone, he said—

"Vogel is right," she chanted tunelessly. "Gold will buy anything or anyone!"

"No—for it has not bought you, nor me! We are breaking the chains that the lust of gold placed on our wrists—I know now that the only way to win and keep a woman's heart is the way of Love. I

was nearly cheated, though. Merrick had nearly won you; but I came in time, and now you're mine, Dolores, all mine!

"... Do you know how tenderly I'll love you?—your lover always I'll be, always your lover waiting to woo you... Dolores, do you realise the miracle that has happened?"

"What are you saying?" she cried again. For the first time since leaving the station her eyes turned slowly from their awful stare at vacancy, and she looked at the love-drunken man beside her.

"What are you saying, you poor, mad creature? Why are you holding my hand so tightly and staring at me so greedily? What do you think you are doing?"

"I'm showing you our future life—the wonderful future that blots out the ugly past!"

"The future!"

Dolores's eyes were like the eyes of a person dragged—a dull, horrible, glassy look of incomprehension.

"The future," she repeated; and then her lips parted in a smile. She put up her free hand and opened the trap-door of the cab.

"Stop at a chemist's," she said.

"What do you want?" Hilary asked sharply, his voice changing.

"I'm faint—that's all."

In an instant he was all sympathy. His voice turned to passionate, incoherent love again.

"I'm a selfish brute," he cried. "I might have seen how ill you looked. Sit still in the cab—I'll get out."

"No, let me, the air will do me good," she replied.

She made him wait in the cab whilst she entered the shop. But she did not ask for smelling salts—instead she bought a tiny blue bottle.

It contained laudanum—for a toothache as she explained to the assistant.

"They don't keep what I want," she said as she entered the cab again. "Stop at the next chemist's."

And again she entered the dispenser's of health and sickness, and again she bought a little blue bottle, and with it this time a bottle of smelling salts.

The blue bottles she hid away in her dress, next her flesh, where she could feel them pressing their

cold, cold hands against her heart—cold hands that held sweet sleep!

"We're close to Grosvenor-square now," Hilary whispered; "don't forget what I've said. I'll see that Vogel does not cheat you. Five thousand pounds, Dolores—we can do so much with five thousand pounds! And then I shall work—I shall work for you; you shall want for nothing, dear!"

She turned towards him then of her own accord, and put out her hand.

"What are you saying, you poor, wild creature? What are you whispering about?"

"Love—my love for you!"

"Your love for me!" She laughed softly, laughed as the wind weeps among the fir tree tops on stormy nights. "Poor Horace—I have been hard on you, I think—I'm sorry. None of us can help being what we are; no, not any one of us. We're straws in the hand of Fate, and we're carried hither and thither on the winds of Chance. Poor Horace—I'm sorry!"

"Ah, I knew it," he cried. "I knew that I should win you, that you would save me—"

The cab stopped with a jerk at the palace in Grosvenor-square, and at the same moment a great, dusty motor-car "punged" its way to the gorgeous entrance, and Mr. B. S. Vogel jumped out and greeted the occupant of the humblest of hackney cabs.

"Pretty good work, eh? We've beaten the train. Ah, so you found Miss St. Merton, Husband! That's right!" He held out his hand and heaped Dolores to alight. "Well, it was a great victory," he grinned; "a grand race. I hope you had a good view of it."

"Yes; I saw how you won," she said steadily. "As I always win—easily," he replied.

"Of course, you backed The Devil, didn't you, Dolores?" gushed a handsome Jewess as she jumped from the car and displayed a small fortune in lace and lingerie.

"Oh, yes, I backed The Devil; but I also hedged," she replied. "And I find that I've lost—in the winning!"

"Oh, how dull," laughed the gushing lady. Vogel grinned under his motor mask and goggles.

"Lost in the Winning," he repeated. "I hope you haven't lost—much?"

(To be continued.)

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Quaker Oats in Moulds

because it is deliciously tempting these days when the appetite is apt to fail.

To prepare Quaker Oats in Moulds, pour the hot porridge into moistened moulds, and set away in running water to cool. This can be eaten the next morning for breakfast or lunch with milk or cream and sugar. Rhubarb or other stewed fruit served on the same plate with the cold Quaker Oats makes a delightful dish.

Quaker Oats Blanc Mange

is another pleasing summer treat. Quite easy to make, and fit for the most fastidious taste.

To make Quaker Oats Blanc Mange, bring one quart new milk to a boil, salt slightly, sweeten to taste, and stir in one cup Quaker Oats; cook 30 to 45 minutes, stirring well; just before removing from the fire, stir in two eggs very well beaten. Serve either hot or cold with milk or cream and sugar.

(Send for Complete List of Recipes.)

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